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02x11 - The Wedding

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **04/12/02 12:15**

[Bachelorette party. Mel and Lindz drink beers and whoop it up. Someone's playing with fire. Girls dance with their t*tties out. Leda raises a shot to them. Girls dance wearing strap-ons. Half-naked girls make out. Someone pours a shot over a dildo. She sucks off the girl's strap-on. Mel and Lindz just point and stare. Leda is also fully clothed. She walks over to Mel and Lindz.]

Leda: Having fun?

Mel: Oh, it's amazing.

Lindsay: I didn't realized that this party are this wild.

Leda: It's a warm-up for your honeymoon. C'mon, follow the Leda.

[Leda pulls Mel and Lindz up to a bar.]

Mysterious Marilyn: Is this the happy couple?

Leda: Sick, isn't it? Their want their fortune cards.

Mysterious Marilyn: Please, am I not a gipsy queen. I am a trained tarotion. So, should we see what the cards have stored?

[The girls both touch the cards, and Marilyn goes to work flipping cards on the table and murmuring, "Uh huh."]

Mysterious Marilyn: When is the special day?

Mel: This saturday.

Mysterious Marilyn: Oh, oh.

Mel: What?

Mysterious Marilyn: I'm sorry girls, but can't possible get married this saturday. Didn't you know? Mercury is in retrograde. A time of an extreme imbalance in the universe. Like the evil, miss communication, missunderstandings, resulting, inserious discord for everyone.

Mel: Yeah, does it rain?

Mysterious Marilyn: No, it will be a total disaster. But on a positive note, you'll redecorate your dining room around June in aqua and maroon and it will be stunning.

[Cut to a pinball machine, where Michael's playing a mean pinball.]

Michael: So, we have two d*kes who have everything!

Brian: d*kes don't have everything. That's why they're so miserable.

Michael: I can't buy them a p*nis transplantation. It's a little pricy for a poor shoppeople like myself.

Ted: Silver plated dental dams?

Emmett: Two a specially-engraved double-headed dildo?

Ben: How about stemware?

Emmett: Honey, dildos are stemware.

Justin: A water buffalo.

Michael: What?

Justin: Lesbians are into endangered species.

Brian: Yeah, unfortunately they are one of them.

Michael: We need to get something that shows we cared, something special.

Emmett: Well, I go shopping with you but I'm actually picking up a very special gift for myself. Yes, boys, I have finally saved up enough cash whacking away at Teddy's website to buy my this brand new a*s that I want it.

Michael: You really getting plastic surgery?

Ted: You could end up the next cosmetic victom.

Ben: Yeah it's true, what if they make a mistake?

Brian: Yeah, like axing away your as*h*le?

Emmett: Well, you have to chew me a new one. You so good at it.

Ben: At least wait a week until Mercury's out of retrograde.

Justin: What? You actually believing that sh*t?

Ben: There are evidence that upheavals in the solar system can affect Earth.

Brian: Blaming the planets for your f*ck-ups is just an excuse to not to accept responsibility.

[The power goes out for a second, but it's not God punishing Brian. It's the hot bartender, who's ready to announce the winner of a charity raffle.]

Bartender: Gentlemen, it's time to pick the winner of the Liberty Avenue A*DS hospice charity raffle.

Someones gets an all-expense-paid trip for two for this weekend for a "White Party" to Miami! And the luckiest trick in Pittsburgh is...Brian Kinney.

Brian: I don't know. The planets don't seem to be f*cking with me.

Michael: Oh yeah, how you planed go away and still here to Mel and Lindsay's wedding?

[Brian shrugs and walks up to accept his prize.]

[Debbie's House.]

Vic: Oh, no.

[Mikey stops plunging the sink so that he and Debbie can run over.]

Debbie: Vic? What's that matter?

Michael: You okay, Uncle Vic?

Vic: See for yourself.

Debbie: They taken your disability benefits away?

Vic: And if they take it away there goes my share of our monthly income.

Debbie: Goddamit. What's kind of f*cked universe would snatch my brother from the Joseph Dep only they take away our house and home!

Michael: Ben says it has something to do with Mercury.

Debbie: Oh, does he?

Michael: Look, don't panic! I can help out.

Vic: No! Michael, this is a sign. If I lose my benefits then...I'll just have to get back to work.

Michael: Are you sure?

Vic: Once upon a time I was a very decent chef.

Debbie: Decent? Decent? Huh! He was another Sara Lee.

Vic: I'll take that as a compliment I'm sure as was intend it. It will be tricky finding someone to hire me.

Michael: Well, we have a lot restaurants.

Vic: There is a lot of chefs. I'm rusty with old skill. And if they find out why I haven't been working there will stop it.

Debbie: Would you stop talking yourself out of a job before you get one. What if I get you a shift at the diner? We could work together. [Vic laughs] C'mon.

[Emmett is having his a*s consultation.]

Doc: In selecting your idea it's very important that you will be happy with your choice. Since it will be following you around for a long, long time. Our catalog will help.

Emmett: Thanks. Wow, so many choose from. God, I never can be decide.

Doc: Well, sometimes it helps to see them in the flesh. My staff haved worked on it and is more than willing to show you our popular models.

Emmett: Somebody loves his job.

Doc: When you work in a bakery, it's hard to resist the buns. Gerald, tell the boys to come in.

[Marching drum music kicks in as three men in matching khaki uniforms line up and shut the office door.]

Doc: Mr.Honeycutt have difficult to make up his mind.

[The boys all drop their pants.]

Emmett: Wow, there also beautiful.

Doc: I also did them all myself. Now also did their asses. So, did a close look. Feel free to touch. Firm flexibility are key factores.

Emmett: Hello georcious, it's a great gift. You could stretch it out and it still hold the shape. God, there also tempting, Dr.Beamer. But I don't know how it look good on me.

Doc: If you prefer, we could do a custome design, of course this would be extra.

Emmett: And that is not the time to sit on wallet. Let's do it.

Doc: Good!

[Mel's on the phone with someone who has lost an order.]

Mel: We faxed our orders weeks ago. Weeks ago! Many ago! Look, is someonethere who speaks English as a first language? Oh, Lindsay! Gus just eating the seating plan! What do you going to served my twenty-four no-date, kosher guests?

[Lindsay's hyperventilating. Mel hangs up on the person she's been insulting and comes over to Lindsay's side.]

Mel: Sweetheart, oh my god.

Lindsay: [gasps] Help... panic... attack!

Mel: Oh, my god!

Lindsay: I...look... I can't even put on my shoe!

[Mel dumps a bunch of toys off the couch and sits Lindsay down.]

Lindsay: I'm not gonna get into my dress!

[Brian comes in.]

Brian: I thoughed we agreed no lesbo sex in front of the kid.

Mel and Linds: f*ck off, Brian!

Brian: Fine, I comes by to let you know that I can't come to the wedding. I go to the White Party in Miami instead. Later.

Lindsay: You can't ditch my special day!

Mel: You are a selfish prick!

Brian: As usuall objectivity follows to me, think. You don't really want me to be there. I'll be drunk, I'll be bored, not to mention better looking than the brides. And whatever I'll f*ck every guy, g*y, straight, finally I pass out naked bitching you. You loose your dignity, your friends and your shirts. Well, I'm doing you a favor when I'm going out of town.

Lindsay and Mel: Have a safe trip!

[Ted and Michael are goin' down Liberty Avenue looking for a wedding present.]

Ted: I can't go on. We've walked about half of hundred blocks and a hundred hours...

Michael: Like two blocks and eleven minutes.

Ted: It seems a lot longer when you shopping for lesbians.

Michael: I still say a wedding gift should be romantic, you know like this.

Ted: Lingerie? I thought you said romantic. You wanna get two d*kes a romantic gift? Get them this.

Michael: Power tools? That's romentic?

Ted: For d*kes they are. Oh for only $409 these beauties are steel.

Michael: Only? I'm can barely afford a screw.

Ted: Well fortunately you have Ben. I'll covered and we say it's from both of us.

Michael: I can't let you do this.

Ted: I can afford it. I've got to go back to the studio. We got a threeway at half past four or was it a fourway at half past three? Here, take this.

Michael: What I am supposed to get? The power tools or the lingerie?

Ted: You decide. Whatever you pick I'm sure it'll be the perfect gift. Bye.

[Michael's about to walk into the power tools store when some music from The Lion King starts up and Michael's mysteriously drawn to an alley. There's a Jamaican-kinda man in the alley. He's got a blanket covered with statues.]

Man: Hello mon. Welcome. Come take a lookie.

Michael: These are amazing! Where they are from?

Man: From a little country of Africa, right next to Chad, called Chuck. My people lived up there for centuries in peace and harmony, making love and art.

[Michael's drawn to one particular female statue that's got drooping t*tties down to her ankles.]

Man: Isn't she beautiful? Her name is Chasorey - God of Love and Pray.

Michael: How much is she?

Man: 600.

Michael: I only have five.

Man: There will be six hundred Chuck Dollars is five hundred america dollar.

[Brian's loft. Brian's going through his wardrobe looking for the perfect clothes to the White Party.]

Brian: Competition, world class. Wardrobe crucial, zero. So long Pittsburgh, hello Miami Vice.

[Brian throws the clothes at Justin, who's laying on the bed.]

Justin: I thoughed all-expense-paid f*ck was just for the weekend.

Brian: Well each party has his own theme. And it's a strickt dress code. The White Party - 15.000 horny q*eer all in white.

Justin: I'll be busy too. I pay due paperwork in art.

Brian: Then there is the muscle beach party.

Justin: Then I go to the laundry and of course the wedding.

Brian: And don't forget the Cabana boy contest.

Justin: I have to remember to write my grandmother.

Brian: f*ck! I've got dicks all along out on bash.

Justin: We've even need clothes buy then?

Brian: I left you a ticket on the sale bar.

Justin: You're taking me?

Brian: You can tear yourself from grannys letter.

Justin: Oh, thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! sh*t! What I'm gonna wear?

[Babylon. Hot kissing dancing guys. Our boys are simply staring at their places on the catwalk.]

Michael: You are not gonna believe what I've got, what we've got them.

Ted: What? What is it?

Michael: It's a surprise. [to Brian] What you get them?

Brian: The best gift of all - my absence.

Emmett: Allright judges, I'm gonna need a final decision. Which of the following three choices will it be?

[Emmett brings three pictures of his potential fake a*s.]

Ben: If you choose number one, it will be exactly like Michael.

Brian: If you take number two you looked like the rear-end of a '72 Impala.

Ted: Number three is pert and perky, but probably too small for the rest of your features.

Emmett: Perhaps I need an artists opinion. Justin, which do you find to be the most estheticly pleasing?

Justin: This one. It's a great function into the hole and the same time with a good taste.

Brian: He doesn't want an a*s with good taste; he wants an a*s that tastes good.

Emmett: [to Justin] Thank you, sweetheart. Well boys, shall we dance?

Brian: I need my rest for the White Party.

Ted: Now you're over thirty, should should go to the Grey Party?

Michael: I thought you should go to Mel and Lindsay's wedding.

Brian: You're be there. You can cry for both of us.

[Brian walks off. Michael follows. Ben just stands there, getting as ignored as any of Michael's previous boyfriends. On the stairs, Michael and Brian, both all alone.]

Michael: You know, everytimes something big happens, my f*cking thirties birthday party, we're loose of Brian Kinney's bail. Why is that?

Brian: Well that's a retorable question, not you got an answer.

Michael: You know what I think it is? I think you afraid to let anyone know that you loved that. That you have feelings like the rest of us. It's okay to be human, you know.

Brian: OK. You know the reason why I bail? The truth is I rather get laid. Are you done?

[Brian plants a big one on Michael's mouth and then leaves.]

Ben: He always kiss you like that?

Michael: About four times a year, usually when he's really drunk or he wants me to shut up.

[Liberty Diner. Debbie's teaching Vic how to take an order.]

Debbie: I stick it, and spin. OK? Now when it's ready, you plaid them, you drop the tab on the dish, you throw it here and then you ring the bell. Got it?

Vic: Stick it, spin them, drop it.

Debbie: What I tell you? Shorter and you will be on the chef!

Vic: Just faster!

Debbie: Hey, we've got hustler in our blood. OK, I'm gonna give you a first tip - no matter what happens don't panic. Just take your time. OK? Your worst is f*cking good enough for this job. OK?

[A pouty Mel and Lindz walk into the diner and plop down on some stools.]

Mel: Hey Debbie, we need a couples black coffees to go.

Lindsay: They were special engraved with our names on them and everything.

Debbie: I hate to tell you girls, but for the happy couple your looking miserable.

Mel: Rosenbergs juwelers called. They can't find our wedding rings.

Justin: You can use my nipple rings. There very valuable to me.

Lindsay: Thanks honey, but it wouldn't be the same.

Mel: Listen, we're not going to let Mercury or anything else to f*ck up our wedding. Everythings go ahead as planned.

Justin: Not exactly everything.

Lindsay: More "good" news?

Justin: Brian invited me to the White Party.

Debbie: And you said?!

Justin: That I go? It's a once in a life-time thing!

Debbie: So is getting married. Of course there are no hot bodies, no drugs, no dotzen dicks. Just two people saying "I do". You right. How could it possibly compare?!

Lindsay: It's okay. After all Justin went through.

Mel: He deserves a break. Have a great time.

[Outside the diner.]

Mel: Oh that f*cking Brian! Is not bad enough he's not coming he have to pull back our ring bearer as well.

Lindsay: It doesn't matter. We don't have rings.

[Linds cell phone rings.]

Lindsay: Hello? I'm sorry what?!

Mel: It must be the caterer. Listen, your bleeding as*h*le! I'm a lawyer, we have a contract. We'll sue. Oh, that word you understand. [she hangs up]

Lindsay: Something wrong?

Mel: The caterer and the hall have been shut down by the health department for salmonella poisoning.

Lindsay: Oh, is that all?

[Lindsay gets another panic attack and has to lie down on a bus bench that advertises a funeral home.]

[Ted's Porno Imperium. Michael shows Ted his gift for the wedding.]

Ted: You spend $500, my $500 on that?!

Michael: It was a steal.

Ted: Yeah, and I'm the one who got robbed! Just take it back.

Michael: I can't take it back.

Ted: What store you have buy that?

Michael: I don't get in from a store.

Ted: Were did you get it?

Michael: From a blanket.

Ted: A blanket?! You bought Lindsay's and Melanie's wedding gift from some streetcorner cheister?!

Michael: It's from Chuck. It's a little country next the Chad.

Ted: Chuck! Chad! They sound like a couple of h*m*!

Michael: It's the perfect gift!

Ted: Perfectly hideous.

Michael: It's a work of art.

Ted: It's a piece of sh*t!

Michael: It's symbolic of love and pride.

Ted: It's symbolic of stupidity and bad taste.

Michael: You take that back!

Ted: I can't! I got it off a bwaaan-ket!

Michael: Look, the next time you wanna buy a gift buy it yourself!

Ted: That is why I'm coming you for!

Michael: You're too busy to bringing joy through the world!

Ted: Yeah, that's why I'm success!

Michael: You can take your success and shove it and I'm sure you won't have any trouble figuring out where.

Ted: Yeah! I'll just ask Chuck and Chad!

[Emmett and Schickle are swimming in Schickle's private pool.]

Emmett: Sorry George, I made up my mind.

George: But you have such a beautiful bottom. I said, besides you are too young. Plastic surgery is for foolish old man or refuse to old grace.

Emmett: What about Michael Jackson? And Elizabeth Taylor? And Cher?

George: Well, I can't speak for their backside, only yours.

Emmett: Thank you. But in my world, if you don't look like a stepped out Calvin Klein underwear ad, you're nothing.

George: Well, that's a world so unhappy to know.

Emmett: Not to mention it make me feel better by myself. You know, raise my self-esteem

George: My wife Virginia feeled simerarely. Sheself zipped and clipped and it should be change her life to.

Emmett: And did it?

George: She was the same miserable c**t she always was, only without the rankles. Emmett, forgive me. But anyone who valuells himself because of their a*s, is an a*s.

[Diner. Chaos. Debbie's trying to placate everyone.]

Debbie: I'm so sorry you still waiting. More coffee? It's on the house. You're order is next, I promise you.

Guest: All I want is a hamburger!

Debbie: Your order has been abducted by aliens, so don't give me those dirty looks!

[There's a shattering noise from the kitchen as an extra tries to talk to Debbie. Debbie's banging the bell trying to get Vic's attention.]

Debbie: Hey, I got orders coming out of my a*s! A hungry h*m* and don't a clean place to order my set up! What in the f*ck is goin' on back here?!

Vic: You don't to have yell, I'm right here.

Debbie: You think you could do a grilled cheese in under an hour?!

Vic: You told me to take my time.

Debbie: I didn't mean your f*cking life-time!

Vic: I can't do it!

Debbie: Where you goin'?

Vic: Home.

Debbie: You can't let me here like this!

Vic: You're better off. I'm useless. I'm worse than useless. I'm ridiculous!

[Mel and Lindsays living room.]

Mel: Honey. There is no way we can squeeze that many guests into a house.

Lindsay: Baby. We could move all of the furniture into the garage.

Mel: Lambskin. You'd have my thousand-year-old aunt stand all night.

Lindsay: Puddin' pie. She has a walker. She can lean.

Mel: And what if somehow, my little love button, we manage to overcome the laws of physical science and pack them all in. What the f*ck are they going to see besides each other's nose hair?

Lindsay: You're not even trying to make this work.

Mel: And you're not even trying to make sense!

Lindsay: There's no need to be a*usive.

Mel: I wasn't being a*usive. I was merely expressing frustration.

Lindsay: So now I'm frustrating?

Mel: I didn't say that! Ugh!

[Leda shows up with the dry cleaning which is of course f*cked up.]

Leda: Leda's, here. Your's Mel. And what was your's Linds. Apparently the dry cleaning solution was to...

Lindsay: There's...no need to explain. At this point in the plot, we all get it.

Leda: But the good news is they give you one hundred dollars in the coupons.

Lindsay: Hurray!

Mel: We will find you something else to wear, Boo boo. And we will have our special f*cking day, goddammit. Even if we have to do it nude in the backyard.

[Instead they just cue the thunderstorm. Gus cries.]

Lindsay: Or maybe we can face reality. I think Mysterious Marelyn was right.

Leda: Not that Mercury in retrograde sh*t again!

Lindsay: Our wedding is been methodicly insisted deconstruct it. If you ask me, somebody up there doesn't think we should get married. Maybe there's a reason. Maybe that's because people like us aren't supposed to get married.

Mel: Like us?

Lindsay: Do you need roof to cave in?

[Brian's in a tanning bed. The door yanks open. The camera focuses on a sobbing Melanie.]

Brian: I'm reminded on a scene from "Alien". One of the great A*DS metaphor flicks of all time. A intrappted intergalaxtical carbige collectors led by über-b*tch d*ke. They sleep on their way back home as suddenly the monsters appears.

Mel: [cries] The wedding's off.

Brian: You two finally come to your senses? That's almost reason to end up by my basecoats.

Mel: It's because of Lindsay. She... She...

Brian: She what?

Mel: It's all... Mysterious Marilyn... Mercury in retrograde... and the rings... and the foot... and the

hall... and the dress. She thinks the wedding's not supposed to happen because...because we're gaaaaaaaaaaay!

Brian: Christ! Send in a f*gg*t to do a d*ke's work.
[everyone's waiting at Brian's apartment while he's still putting on a robe.]

Brian: We have precisely twenty-one hours to get the munchers married.

[All chatters together.]

Brian: Nobody knows wedding should be get q*eers but we're the florist, the caterist, the planners, the designers, the servers, the formers, even the f*cking priests.

Justin: The means himself.

Brian: When everybody can do it, we're can and we will and time for me to make my flight.

Ted: Don't you think this is a awfully imbishes?

Michael: Want you leave it up everybody else to critizise.

Ted: If we left it up to you, they be getting married on a blanket on a street corner.

Brian: Yo, b*tch, telling these later? I don't care how you do it but you two are responisble for staffing and flowers and decoration. Emmett, you find us a place.

Emmett: Oh, how about the Liberty Bath? They have a fabulous partyroom.

Brian: Deb, you pulled together something to wear?

Debbie: I'd loved to. Oh, I can just see it with some flowers and bows and ribbons and squirrel tails... [Brian give her a look] Maybe more simple.

Brian: Vic, you're up for the cake.

Vic: My cooking's a recipe for disaster.

Debbie: He'd be great! If they were getting married a year from now.

Justin: Don't worry Vic, I help you.

Brian: OK, great. Get to work.

Ted: Hold on Kinney, what are you doin'?

Brian: I'm getting my beauty rest. Goodbye!

[Michael follows Brian into his bedroom.]

Brian: Not tonight, dear . I'm saving myself to Miami.

Michael: Correct me if I'm wrong I thoughed you don't give a sh*t about your friends. You only care

about getting laid.

Brian: I never will hear the word "wedding" again.

Michael: You're pathetic! [He kisses Brian]

[George and Emmett in his place.]

Emmett: Uh, hello. Zanzibar? Yes, I'd like to book a wedding on a private room? You can? Oh, you can?! Oh, wonderful. OK. That will be for about eighty. Tonight. [you can hear the laughter from the other end]

George: Any luck?

Emmett: I have tried A-Z. I'm afraid there is no such thing as an instant wedding.

George: If I may made a suggestion?

Emmett: Be my wedding guest.

George: Well, it's nothing trendy but the price is right.

[Big, giant empty ballroom that's in a wing of George's mansion.]

Emmett: Holy Xanadu.

George: Well, it was only used for my daughter's wedding. Frankie.

Emmett: Frankie?

George: Yeah Virginia named her after have a modern product. It was one of the heaviest days in my life.

Emmett: Well, sounds to my, honey, this place is do for a party.

George: I can't think of a more appropriated occasion of your friends wedding. I filled this room with exotic flowers. I'll bring Pittsburghs symphony.

Emmett: That's very kind, as usual, but I kinda take this all by myself. To give Mel and Lindsay's the most fabulous wedding two girls ever had.

George: That's also very kind, as usual. How can you afford it?

Emmett: My tush found.

George: Your burst your bubble butt dream?

Emmett: Well, if you don't mind to bump your eye so I think this think are goes a few more miles. Thank you. Now, I have only hours ago!

[Debb's house. Debbie sewing. Vic and Justin are in the kitchen. Vic breaks an egg and curses.]

Vic: Oh sh*t!

Debbie: What happened?

Vic: Nothing!

[Vic breaks something else and curses again.]

Vic: f*ck!

Debbie: Now what?!

Justin: It's me, Deb! I'm a fool.

Vic: You think I never set a foot in the kitchen before.

Justin: Just need to relax.

Vic: It's more than that. I've been out of the world too long, I can't go back.

Debbie: You're right, you can't. Christ would you look at this mess! You are the f*cking sadest horrored-luck case I have ever seen!

Justin: Debbie!

Debbie: Get back in your room. Or better get find a train to fall under. At least I get the insurance. Sunshine, get your jacket, let's go.

Vic: Where are you goin'?

Debbie: Where did you think? To the bakery. You're promised the girls a wedding cake, didn't you?

Vic: You can't just go into a bakery any buy a wedding cake! There aren't special!

Debbie: So we'll gettin' a bon voyage cake or a birthday cake or a f*cking bar mizvah cake! Any cake are be better than a dry-out brick that your doin'!

Vic: How dare are you calling my hazelnut buttercreme a dry-out brick?!

[Debbie goes to the hall. Vic begins to work and Justin follows Debbie.]

Justin: You did all that on purpose, didn't you?

Debbie: How did you think I got him to live in the first place? I skip screaming, 'so f*cked and die already'. It's worth like a charme.

Justin: He never figured it out?

Debbie: Apparently not.

Vic: [screams] Justin I need these eggs white beatin'!

Debbie: And as for you, you're not being another Brian Kinney? Always running away from love you have never attord then you go to Miami and f*ck your little twinkie brains out. But it's never get you happy!

Justin: Nice try, Debbie.

Debbie: Wait a minute! Alright, you're under me. But one day you're gonna look back and you regret that you don't go to the wedding. With your family. And that's the truth, Sunshine. That's the truth.

[Mel and Linds bedroom. Mel's opening curtains, blasting the bedroom in sunlight.]

Mel: French Toast with fresh strawberries, bacon crumbles and maple syrup, coffee made with the really good beans, and peaches peeled because the fuzz makes Lindsay's teeth itch.

Lindsay: No thanks.

Mel: Baby please, you have to eat.

Lindsay: What for?

Mel: Maybe to keep your strength up to feel miserable. Have a strawberry.

Lindsay: No!

Mel: C'mon, Lulu.

Lindsay: Stop it!

Mel: Stop what?

Lindsay: Being so sweet!

Mel: I can't help it, impulsive-adorable disorder.

[Brian just walks in.]

Brian: Alright, get up!

Mel: What the f*ck are you doin' here?

Brian: C'mon, move your asses!

Lindsay: What for?

Brian: You getting married.

[Brian pulls up in his Jeep at the Schickle mansion. Emmett, George, and two servants greet the ladies.]

Brian: C'mon, get up! Move on. Get up!

Emmett: Miss Marcus, Miss Petersen? Welcome to your wedding. Let me to introduce our greacuest host my dear-dear friend George Schickle.

Mel and Lindsay: Oh Schickle Pickles?

George: The pleasure is mine and my home is yours today.

Brian: OK, enough chat. Go and made make up and hair.

[Ted's decorating a table and Mikey brings the ugly statue in that room.]

Ted: No, no, no, no. You're not bringing this hides thing in here!

Michael: I certainly I am.

Ted: Not if I have anything to say about it!

Michael: Who gives a sh*t what you have to say about it?

Ted: I'm the one who pay for this waste of wood.

Michael: Don't worry about it. I'm paying you back and I'm gonna give this the girls myself! What do you think about that?!

Ted: I think you're an idiot for picking this in the first place.

Michael: And you are a dickheat for make me feel like an idiot.

Emmett: Boys, boys, we're still discuss about this statue? God, she must been by doctor Beamer.

Ted: Yeah see? Emmett agree it's a joke!

Emmett: I didn't say that. Other will say it's not worth destroying your friendship over.

[The dressing room.]

Mel: No, Debbie, I can do my own hair!

Debbie: I can tell. You need more Bella Donna less Bitchy Boochy.

Mel: Next thing you said I end up in a pony bra and lipliner.

[Brian walks in, and the girls squeal like he's the groom.]

Mel and Lindsay: Brian!

Brian: I the one who should screaming.

Debbie: Aren't you supposed to be off somewhere, sticking your... pena in some...colada?

Brian: I need a few minutes with the brides? Alone.

Debbie: You make this fast? I get them dressed.

[Debbie leaves the room.]

Mel: I hear your the one who's responsible for this?

Brian: I would say a lying as*h*le who told you this. Here. [he tosses a box to Lindsay]

Mel: Oh Brian, exact like the ones who have lost!

Lindsay: Complete with the inscription!

[She kisses Brian, and Mel gives Brian a couple of punches to the arm to show him how cool she thinks he's being.]

Brian: Hey, don't get moist.

Mel: I'm gonna call the sitter to make sure Gus is alright.

[Lindsay takes this moment to put on her wedding gown.]

Lindsay: I can't believe the guys did this in the last minute. So, you packed?

Brian: Two pays undeeds.

Lindsay: Excited?

Brian: My pecker's all a-twitter.

Lindsay: Here, help my unbotton this. Isn't it amazing? Debbie just whipped it up. With the help of some mice and bluebirds.

Brian: Oh, yeah. I'm sorry I don't be there and see you.

Lindsay: No, you're not! I'm sure you're have a fabulous time. Hey, we're both are in white! Just be careful.

[Brian hands her two tickets.]

Brian: Lindsay. It's your wedding present. All-expense-paid trip for two to Miami. Trade it in for a later flight. Have a honeymoon, I'll take care of Gus.

Lindsay: But you don't wanna be here. You said yourself you get drunk, make a scene, pass out.

Brian: Would you take those f*cking tickets?

Lindsay: No! I want you to go! It would'nt be right for you to stay. Brian Kinney sacrifising for others, trapped in a hideous display of sentimentality. It would loose our faith, our hope. What kind of gift is that? I want you to f*ck lots of beautiful guys. No apologies. No regrets. It's the best gift you could give me, knowing you're happy.

[Brian kisses Lindsay for a long time. Brian leaves to room.]

Lindsay: I love you too, Brian.

[Justin and Brian walk through the mansion.]

Justin: This marriage stuff is kinda cool. I was thinking. Maybe some day...

Brian: What? You and I?

Justin: Yeah, strange things could happen.

Brian: Not really. But you need a f*cking at the beach.

Justin: Hey, I can't go.

Brian: You forget your underwear?

Justin: I wanna go to the wedding.

Brian: For Lindsay and Melanie?

Justin: For me. I want to be a part of it. I wanna see their faces when they say 'I do.' Give Emmett clinex, consult Debbie. You know she's gonna be a mess.

Brian: So, you standing me up to see two d*kes tie an eye?

Justin: Yeah, I guess I am. Your angry?

Brian: I think you are a selfish, heartless as*h*le. Keep up the good work.

[The wedding room. Michael and Ted glare at each other from the congregation. Mel and Lindz walk in together, holding hands. Mel's in a disco tux; the shirt is silk and totally unbuttoned. Everyone turns and murmurs. Justin wears a blue shirt. Mel and Lindz stand under the Chupah as the non-denominational woman prepares to start the ceremony.]

woman: Friends, family, welcome to the celebration of a loving life-time commitment of Melanie and Lindsay. They've ask me to thank you for beginnig witness todays ceremony and to join them in recognizing it as true and finding expression of their devotion to there other. Melanie.

Mel: Honey. I wasn't sure we'd make it here today. But thanks to our friends -- or, I should say, our family -- not even the stars or the planets could keep us from exchanging our vows. I love you, Lindsay Peterson. I will fight for you. I will protect you. You are my Beschert.

woman: Lindsay.

Lindsay: Melanie, with so much love and support around us, I really do believe there is no obstacle, no problem we can't overcome together in friendship and in love. Our hearts will be eternally united. I love you, Melanie Marcus.

woman: May I have the rings?

[Justin gives Lindsay and Melanie the rings as Ben puts his arm around Michael.]

woman: Melanie, do you take Lindsay to be your wife?

Mel: I do.

woman: Lindsay, do you take Melanie to be your wife?

Lindsay: I do.

woman: By the power who invested in me, by the love of those symbol I declare to the world that you are married in our eyes. You can seal this with a little suck-face.

[The girls kiss without tongue as some music starts up. Everyone stands and applauds. Michael and Ted make up.]

Ted: I was wrong. It was the perfect gift.

Michael: It's a piece of sh*t.

Ted: It's work of art.

Michael: What they are gonna do with an africaan lovecut?

Ted: They are look at it and say, 'our friends Michael and Ted give that to us because their love us.'

Michael: And then they'll stick it in the garage.

Ted: Yeah, they'll stick it in the garage.

[Mel and Lindz feed each other cake. Two brides on top of that one.]

Vic: Isn't this cake a hit?

Debbie: I never had a doubt.

Vic: For a while I wasn't sure I had the right ingreedience.

Emmett: Attention... attention everyone. As official misstress of ceremonies it is my pleasure to announce the throwing of the bouquet. You know the drill. Your catch it, your next.

[Everyone gets ready. Justin and Emmett fight for positioning. Lindsay throws...]

[...and Brian catches it at the White Party in Miami. It's Babylon with a different scrim dropped in the background with fake palm trees lining the dance floor. We watch a drag queen dressed in a wedding gown dance in the glitter. She throws a kiss at us.]

Music: # Let the Music Use You Up from Celeda

END OF EPISODE

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